

THE

Prince of Oranges Glory;

And the DOWNFALL of the

PRIESTS & JESUITES.

To the Tune of, *Heark how the Thundring Cannons roar.*

I.

Prince William of Nassaw is on our Land,
Let trembling Jesuites quaking stand,
To see the Sword drawn in his Hand;
His Armies do him follow,
To redeem us from those Infernal Bands,
That in our Blood would've wash'd their Hands,
But they shall sink in the Quick-Sands:
And Hell shall them all swallow.

II.

Now to this Prince I freely drink,
A full brim Bowl, and never shrink;
There's few but love him; I do think,
He stands for *Magna Charta*:
How can we then but Sing and Dance,
To see brave *Orange* to advance,
To confound those Feinds of *France*,
That would subdue our Charter?

III.

The *Irish* A-cron-a-cro may go
Down to the Infernal Feinds below,
Ne'r to appear in open Shew,
To see brave *London's* Splendor.
The Prince of *Orange* and his Train,
Are not landed here in vain,
But our Freedoms will maintain;
Huzza's to him we will render.

IV.

The Whore of *Babylon*, God confound,
With all their Plottings under Ground,
Their Sound is gone the Nation round;
It is a dreadful Story:
But when the Prince agrees with the King,
Every Bell in the City shall ring,
In our Freedoms we will sing,
And triumph in their Glory.

V.

Then let's unite them both in one,
The Royal Father with the Son,
And in union let them run,
For we are all surrounded:
Consume those Jesuites that contrive
Bridles to hang Men up alive,
Curse on their Stomachs, they ne'r shall thrive,
But all shall be confounded.

VI.

Now the Pope and the Devil are at a loss,
To see their Invention prove so cross,
Their Golden Calves are now but dross,
The Devil at them wonder:
But wait a while, and we shall see,
The Pope and the Devil together flee,
From the Highest to the Lowest degree,
They all shall be brought under.